

## The Lovers

by Fairest Of Folk

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## The Lovers

**\*\*Oh-god-what-is-this-why?!\*\***

**\*\*Ahem...ah, hi. Grae here. Um...soo this would be my (just finished not even reviewed what am I doing I have the flu \_why\_) \_first Hakuouki fic as well as my first (published) lemon. Dear god help me. \*\***

**\*\*I really have no explanation for this, or for that matter, excuse. I just finished writing this about twenty minutes ago and I have yet to actually go back and review this for all the terrible, ugly typos and grammar mistakes that are undoubtedly littering this since I have a pretty nasty flu. I will (I promise!) go back and fix it up later, but at the moment (for reasons I cannot even begin to explain or comprehend) I really just want to get this out there for everyone to see (this already seems like a terrible idea I am going to regret later...).\*\***

**\*\*Please be so kind as to let me know what you think! I adore criticism (I'm what is commonly known as a masochists, kids) and would love to hear what you guys think! Lots of love to you guys!\*\***

**\*\* - Grae \*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><strong>Quick translations:<strong>

**\*\*Koi - Love\*\***

**\*\*Koibito - sweetheart\*\***

**\*\*Itoshii - lover, darling, sweetheart, ect.\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>He remembered that first night, <em>their<em> first night, and how perfectly imperfect it was. He held it close to his heart reverently, a single moment completely pure of death and darkness and the binding chains of duty and honor.

She had been so unsure, at first, a timidity she carried in her every movement brought out even more in the secretive quiet of her bedroom. She had been the one to ask him though, the one to shyly blush and stutter her attraction to him, her hands trembling as they clutched at the loose material of his shirt. Her forwardness had surprised him but nearly so much as her affection, her revelation of being in love with him. He knew what he should have done, what would have been the honorable thing to do, but she had looked at him with such honest adoration, with such love, that he hadn't been able to bring himself to push her back and dutifully tell her that what she offered he could not accept. Because more than anything he wanted to accept, wanted **\*\*her\*\*** and everything she had come to stand for to him.

So he had.

It hadn't been terribly romantic â€" and he regretted that, regretted not being able to give her the magical, wonderful night she so deserved â€" and it hadn't been in any way the right thing to do by her. He wasn't as honorable a man as Kondou had raised him to be, not as honorable as he had even thought himself to be. An honorable man would have married her, dressed her in the finest white kimono he possible could and escort her to a Temple with the greatest reverence and swear to forever love and care for her so long as he lived as they sipped blessed Sake from sacred cups beneath a Priest's watching eye, would have given her a house and a home and a future far brighter than the bloody path a Wolf of Mibu's could offer her. An honorable man would not have bundled her into her room in the darkest part of the night while the rest of the world slept, would not have made such a loving, pure moment seem forbidden. But though he wished that first night had been different, that the circumstances that they had come together been better, he did not regret that it happened.

It had been autumn and cold and she had been so warm. Her body had trembled beneath his hands as he ushered her inside her room and slide the Shoji closed behind them, her eyes wide and innocent and trusting as she stared at him in the dark. He had been stunned by her whispered confession, mind reeling from the fact that â€" despite everything that said it should be otherwise â€" she loved **\*\*him\*\***, loved him and thought it possible for him to feel anything but the same for her. Before anything like a rational part of his mind could speak up and deter him he had reached out and taken hold of her, pulled her tiny, fragile body close to his broader frame and kissed her senseless. She had been startled, unprepared for his

unannounced attack upon her mouth, but before he could second-guess himself and pull away she had " hesitantly " reached out and clung to him in return.

Her breaths turned quickly to small, mewling pants as he pressed her flush against his body and allowed his calloused hands to roam unchecked over her petite form. Her body had been so soft beneath his searing touch, the tantalizing feminine curves she hid from the world beneath layers of baggy men's clothing a new world of possibility he was eager to explore. Her own small, uncertain hands had swept over him as well, tracing the line of his jaw, curling his hair, dancing over his shoulder blades, tightening suddenly when he slipped his tongue past her lips and tasted her. She was so innocent, so completely new to such things, every small step he took startling and intriguing her, reminding him more and more of how terribly wrong it was for him to be pressing on like he was. Had she shown him any indication at all of backing out, of not wanting the carnal affection he was offering her, he would have been able to control himself. But she hadn't run from him, and " with all the shy grace he had come to love her for " had held nothing back from him.

He left her mouth, lips trailing over soft skin that smelled impossibly of summer flowers and tasted enticingly of Chizuru. He traced the column of her throat, felt her pulse pound a mad rhythm as he sucked at it, her breaths becoming ragged as she clutched at him for support beneath his onslaught. His hands had continued to roam her small frame, slipping deftly past layers of fabric and reaching for more of her warm, supple skin. "Okia"Okita-San." Her voice had been feverish and small, a murmur reminding him of her innocence. He had pulled back, panting heavily himself, and pressed his forehead against hers as he met her eyes. The hand that had been tracing the sharp angles of her collarbone slide languidly upwards until her flushed cheek was held cradled in his calloused palm.

Their breaths mingled as he tried to collect his thoughts, hot and tempting. He had closed his eyes for a moment, pressing forward to kiss her upon the lips, a quick peck to remind her of his returned affection for her. "Souji, Chizuru, please" His thumb stroked along her cheekbone, his lips stealing another breathless kiss from her as she clung to him. "I" I want to hear you say my name, Koibito" His hand moved to run through her long, silky hair, long ago freed from the tie she bound it in by his quick fingers, his lips pressed tightly over hers to swallow her sudden gasp at the name he gifted her with. Her hands detangled themselves from his rumpled clothes, gently, uncertainly cupping his face as she kissed him fiercely back.

He felt her petite frame tremble beneath his hands, could hear the shakiness of her breath as she pulled back from their kiss and met his eye in the dark. "Souji" Itoshii" In the low light of her room, he could see her eyes shine with tears, a happy smile playing at her kiss-swollen lips. His heart skipped a beat at her words, the soft cadence of her voice, the pure love and affection that filled every syllable making him dizzy. He had done so many terrible things in his life, killed so many men, tarnished himself beyond hope of redemption; he couldn't even begin to think how such a beautiful, pure creature could have come to love him. A small tear slipped down her cheek, she was crying for him, smiling and crying in joy at his love for her, and he caught the crystalline drop with his thumb, smoothing it away. Hers was a face not meant to be marred by

tears, even those of joy. She should be happy, always, and she should be smiling.

Perhaps that had been the true beginning, the moment when turning back no longer was an option.

His hands slowly slipped down to her Gi, fingers tracing the edge of the fabric as he held her gaze and " slowly " began pulling the garment away. Her cheeks flushed a red so bright he could even see it in the dark, her hands leaving his face to fidget uncertainly over the expanse of her suddenly exposed skin. Her breast were bound with long strips of cloth, further hiding her gender from the vast world, but her slim shoulders and small waist was exposed to his gaze. She moved to cover herself, embarrassed at him seeing her, but he quickly took hold of her wrists and settled her arms to the side, bumping his nose playfully against hers as he smiled. "Let me see you Koi," He pressed a kiss to the corner of her mouth, then lower upon her neck. "You're so beautiful." Her breath caught in her throat as he trailed slow kisses down her body, upon her collarbone, at the border of skin that was half hidden by her bindings, her flat stomach as he slowly lowered himself down to his knees.

He curled his hands around her tiny waist, thumbs stroking just beneath the slight swell of her hidden bosom as he peered up at her in the dark. Her hands shifted, jerking awkwardly around as she both tried to cover herself and abide by his wishes and let him see her. "Souji" "I" He smiled at her, enchanted by her modesty, watching as she cast her gaze down to him uncertainly. "I've never" "I don't know" He shushed her gently, soothing her worry away with careful kisses to her stomach and soft strokes to her sensitive skin. Her hands, at length, moved to curl into his hair, scrapping his scalp lightly as he began tracing the winding lengths of linen that hid her from his view.

"It's alright, Koi, it's alright." His fingers found the small tie that held the binding in place, tugged it loose with a quick motion that drew a startled gasp from her. "Shh, Koi" "Aishiteru Chizuru" "Aishiteru." He slide the linen away, watched in fascination as she was slowly unwrapped before him like a present. Her breath caught in her throat, hands twitching in his hair as he slide his hands up and over the newly exposed flesh, work worn fingers tracing the gentle slope of her breasts, circling the small tight buds of her nipples. Faint lines marked her skin from the tightness of the bindings and with gentle care he worked on soothing them away with soothing caresses and teasing kisses. Her breathing became uneven, strangled whimpers escaping her as he explored her body with painful slowness. Her legs shook beneath her, the onslaught of sensation weakening her knees so that " with the slightest tug " he brought her sliding down into his lap as he eased himself upon her futon.

He trailed open mouth kisses over her breasts, humming with pleasure as she began divesting him of his own clothing with shaky precision. They took it slow, carefully taking stock of every inch of the new world they were finding in each other. She slid her hands over his chest and further, a shy, hesitant invitation for him to go further, one he was helpless to resist. Her name became a steady chant upon his breath, unheard only when he paused to kiss her, his hands steady as he freed her of her hakama and began easing her back onto the futon. Her cheeks held a flush of pleasure while eyes had become large and entrancing as she watched him. In the dim light of the

room, he saw they had changed from a soft honey brown into a mesmerizing gold, her gaze adoring and trusting as he kicked his own pants away and settled himself down before her. Her breasts bobbed as she panted, inviting as he traced her body reverently and with little thought he cupped them in his palms, pulling her body into a tantalizing arch up towards him. His own breaths became more and more uneven with each passing moment, his desire growing for her beyond anything he had ever felt before in his life. She was beautiful, so beautiful, and she was offering herself to him, trusting him with her body and heart and soul.

He draped himself over her, trailing his path upwards upon her trembling body with his fingers and mouth as he moved to settle himself above her. Her feet tangled with his, her one small hand winding trustingly with his much larger one as he met her gaze. For a long moment there was nothing but their mingling breaths and the stillness of the autumn night, then he leaned down and kissed her, slow and sweat and apologetic, and began the painful process of taking her virginity. Her hand contracted around his, a whimper of pain rose from her throat only for him to swallow it. He rocked gently in place, not quite sheathed within her, and slowly eased himself past her guarding maidenhead. Tears trickled from her eyes, her face pulled into an expression of pain that he hated knowing he was the cause of, and with regretful gentleness, he kissed them away. When he started his rhythm he did so slowly, gently rocking into her to allow her to adjust to the strangeness of no longer being a maiden but instead a lover. His lover.

It wasn't long before her soft whimpers turned again to pants of fevered pleasure, her body reacting to his tempo easily as she adjusted. The gold of her eyes shown to an almost impossible degree, her Oni blood singing from the act of their lovemaking as she became used to his intrusion into her body. He turned his steady rocking into a pumping, pressing his mouth into the crook of her neck as he tried to stifle his moans. Her hips moved in time with his, her small body clinging to him tightly as she murmured her love for him on an endless loop, his name spilling out from her lips like a prayer to the gods. He slid a hand down to her hips, pulling her closer to him as he felt her tighten and spasm around him, his own body overwhelmed by their union to the point that thought had almost completely fled him. She kissed his neck, nipping at his skin with small fangs she was not used to having, the soft chestnut locks of hair he had buried his head within fading to a stunning silver before his very eyes. Her nails became sharper as they dragged along his back, still astoundingly gentle as she rocked her hips up to meet his ever more frantic thrusts.

"Soujiâ€|Souji Iâ€|" Her voice was barely a whisper between her panting, muffled moans. She wrapped her legs around his hips, pulling him closer to her heated body with a maddening need he shared. "Itoshiiâ€|oh Souji Iâ€|" He shushed her with a kiss, this one demanding and knowing as he drove them both closer to the brink. Her nails â€" claws â€" bit into the skin of his shoulder, her mouth battling with him with a ferocity she usually kept hidden, urging him even further. Her body tightened around him, her inner muscles beginning to shutter. The world began to blur around him, disappearing until all that remained was her beneath him, writhing and mewling and falling headfirst into the ecstasy of oblivion, her small body pulling him down with her as she fell. His body jerked and tensed, his mind lost in a wash of brilliant, beautiful bliss as he

filled her with his seed and joined her in the untouchable peace the high their lovemaking had created.

He shook as he stilled above her, his body pressed tight against her as they clung to one another. His pants matched hers as he circled her tiny waist and pulled her close to his chest, rolling so that she could lie resting atop him. He remained within her for a long moment as he caught his breath, her long hair darkening back to its beautiful dark hue as it splayed over his chest, before slowly slipping from the warmth of her body and cradling her close to his side. She was trembling, her pulse still pounding beneath his touch as he stroked her sweated hair away from her face, kissing her forehead and cheeks and any inch of her he could as they settled down into the stillness of night. Her eyes still blazed a brilliant gold when she finally looked up at him, skin flushed and glowing from their union, body unequivocally marked as belonging to him.

He wrapped his around her, hand moving to cup her face as he pressed his lips to hers. Her much smaller hands slid over the expanse of his chest, settling over where his heart laid beating in time with hers. "Koibitoâ€|my Itoshiiâ€|" Her voice was soft as she nuzzled close to him, her lips dancing over the sensitive skin of his neck as she spoke. He smiled, dizzy and warm from her proclamation, and pulled her thin body all the closer to him, desperate to make the moment last as long as he could. He could not stay there with her, as much as he wanted to. The others couldn't know of their relationship, not yet, not while it was still so dangerous for the Shinsengumi. Later, when Kyoto was a safer place, when he could go to Kondou with a free mind and tell the man that had practically been a father to him of his deep love for the girl in his arms and his intentions to make her his wife, that for her he was willing to leave them and start a new life. But for the moment he couldn't risk it, couldn't risk his enemies discovering her and attempting to harm her to get to him.

He would have to leave her before the morning sun began to lighten the sky, slip away from her warm bed and warmer body and slink back to his own cold room without her. But that was a long time off, and she was there with him then. Curled around his body and heart and soul like she had always meant to be there, a piece he had not known he had been missing until she was there, safe in his arms, completing him. He closed his eyes, contented to be surrounded by her, and let himself imagine a future with a small house and small children, her eyes warm and loving as she held an infant in her arms that had her gentle smile and his green eyes. In his arms he felt her drift away from consciousness and into a satisfied sleep, her head resting just above his heart as she drifted off. The image of that child â€" a little girl, a daughter to grow to be just as beautiful as her mother, with perhaps a little brother growing in her beautiful mother's womb â€" still blazed behind his eyes as his hand slipped from her waist to rest over her flat stomach. Not yet, but soon. A few years, less even. Him and his lover and their life together.

Perhaps sooner still.

End  
file.